

Brother of Mine

by Missj01988

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Summary: A collection of oneshots covering the relationships between Goku and Raditz, Vegeta and Tarble, and Gohan and Goten.

1. Goku

He landed in what would look to anyone else like the middle of nowhere. But this place stood out in his mind. This was the place where he died for the first time.

His mind wrestled with itself as it had done on many occasions and it had nothing to do with his own death.

His eyes crossed over the familiar pile of bones that littered the ground. Once belonging to a person whose fate was ever connected with his own, whether they liked that or not.

If he had never come to find him, would he still be alive? If he could go back, would he have given him the same choice that he gave Vegeta? Could Raditz have been saved?

In the beginning, all he felt for the man that was his brother was anger. Anger at attacking his friends, anger from his kidnapping of Gohan, and the rage of his own death, forcing him to leave the side of his wife and son.

He believed that there was no way to forgive such a man, for all of the things he had done. But here he was. Looking down at those bones in regret.

Who was the one that said that time erased all wounds? Because he was starting to understand what they meant.

Did his brother really deserve to die, while he allowed Vegeta to live? In all honesty, Vegeta had been worse than Raditz was. But now the Saiyan Prince had adjusted to life on Earth, even going as far as

to settling down and starting a family. Would Raditz have done the same thing? Would he have changed his ways after gaining his freedom from Frieza? He yearned for answers to those questions, but knew that no answers would ever come.

The Dragonballs were not an option anymore. It had been far too long. Raditz couldn't be resurrected.

His mind was plagued by regret. Was it really Raditz's fault? He did live and grow up under Frieza's rule just like Vegeta did, so maybe it was how he learned how to cope.

He shook his head. As much as he hated to admit it, Vegeta was a different creature than Raditz was. Vegeta wanted to make himself stronger. The Prince had wanted to destroy Frieza and take over the galaxy. Raditz on the other hand, seemed to be fine with taking orders from the manic. Wasn't that the reason he had come? To recruit him so they could decimate more planets for Frieza. It was never to reunite as family.

To his brother, he was nothing but a means to an end. He saw someone weaker than him and wanted to control him. That's why he took Gohan and planned to kill him with no remorse, but why did it feel like he wanted him by his side?

Raditz had no idea how much he had changed his life. The pile of bones could not have foreseen the affect that he had started.

The weak brother that he wanted to control, had grown stronger than any Saiyan before him. From the day he met Raditz till after Buu, his life had been riddled with nothing but fighting foe after foe. Sure, there was plenty of that before Raditz, but other than Piccolo, those fights paled in comparison.

So what should he do? Should he continue to despise Raditz for his actions or should he pity him?

The side of him that was a father could never forgive Raditz for his plans to kill his son, but the side of him that knew how manipulated his brother had been couldn't help but feel sorry for him. How badly had Frieza messed him up? There was no way that his brother could have been born this bad, even if Saiyans were often sent off to destroy planets as infants. He just couldn't see his own flesh and blood, do what Raditz had done without being manipulated in some way.

So here he was at an impasse. There was no going back, whether he liked it or not. Raditz was dead and gone. He would never get answers. Even if he spoke, those bones would never talk back.

He had wasted his chance. He could never really know the real Raditz for himself.

He looked down at the ground, his eyes never leaving the pile of bones, knowing full well that he was forever locked in this regret.

Author's Note

This is the first of many one shots, next is Raditz, followed by

Vegeta, Tarble, Gohan, and Goten. Most of these will be darker in nature, excluding the last two.

2. Raditz

So, this was hell. He had never imagined that he would have been here this early. Nor did he think that he would be taken down by two warriors of weaker power than him.

He didn't want to think about it. Kakarot's betrayal to his people would forever leave a bad taste in his mouth. After everything their parents had done for him, he had gone and forgotten everything. All it took was a bump to the head for Kakarot to throw away his pride as a Saiyan.

He stewed over the waste of an opportunity. He had been excited when Vegeta told him to go and get Kakarot. He wanted to reconnect with the only other third class to survive the destruction of their home. But what he got was disappointment. Kakarot was a shell of what he should have been. That planet should have been clean to sell, but there it was, still full of people. The fact that a member of his family, his own flesh and blood, had become soft, was sickening to him.

The fact that he sired a half breed child was also disgusting. Sure, his nephew had potential, but just the fact that his brother had stooped so low made him sick to his stomach.

He sighed and now they were both dead and left with nothing. Kakarot's precious planet would be destroyed in the end anyway. His death would be for nothing. Just like his own.

He waited but Kakarot was nowhere to be found. The sap had probably avoided hell. It was just as well. He wasn't much of a Saiyan anyway.

His waiting did prove fruitful though. As expected, another familiar face made its face known, but it was not someone that he expected. Nappa came into hell pissed off at their prince. Apparently, Vegeta had chosen to end his former bodyguard's life.

What did strike him as odd, was that Kakarot was alive and stronger than he was before and fighting Prince Vegeta.

He found himself weighting eagerly. It wouldn't take long for Kakarot to appear before him this time. Vegeta would make short work of him.

But nothing, they both got nothing. He cursed a couple of times. Was the prince going easy on Kakarot? Was he impressed by him and the strength he had over Nappa?

He growled slightly. That couldn't be it. Kakarot was a weak minded fool. Vegeta would make short work of him.

He continued his wait, but again nothing. No sign of Kakarot ever came. He began to wonder why he was so invested in seeing his brother again. There should be no reason for that, well besides revenge. But what good what that do? They would both be dead.

Maybe they could start over, but that seemed like an impossibility. He wanted nothing to do with Kakarot, but he couldn't just go on like Nappa had.

All he did was wait. Kakarot had to come through here sometime. All he had to do was wait.

And that he did. He stayed in one spot, never moving on to the next life. Every once and a while he would see someone that he knew go through. Surprisingly, they always had news of Kakarot.

He heard story after story of how his brother destroyed foe after foe. He could hardly believe it. Had Kakarot finally realized that he couldn't hide from his heritage?

The thought made him smile, but he continued to wait. He wished to see this for himself, but knew that it was impossible. Kakarot would never end up here. He would never see his brother again.

After years of waiting, he finally realized that he couldn't see Kakarot. His brother would never come to this place. They would never be able to patch things up. He knew now that's why he had waited.

He tried to stand and move on, but found that the portal to the next life was gone. He could not move forward. He was stuck forever at the entrance of hell.

He gave himself a sad smirk. Just like everything else in his life, he was made to be left behind. Always the weakest, never growing stronger, and being controlled by others. He wasn't like Kakarot, he couldn't adapt and become stronger.

Forever lost to the idea of what might have been. If only had accepted Kakarot when he had the chance. Maybe, just maybe things could have been different.

They would have grown strong together, instead of walking alone.

Author's Note

_This has a little headcannon in it. I've always thought that Raditz had to be in limbo as he is the only villain that we never see again. Even Nappa makes an appearance in GT. _

3. Vegeta

Weak. Puny. Pathetic. Disappointment.

Those were the only things that came to mind when he thought of his brother.

Back in the beginning, he was torn over the idea of having a sibling. The thought of his place as Prince being jeopardized if his brother was stronger than he was made him resent Tarble before he was born, but that was for not.

Tarble came out with no power level and his spot as the Crown Prince

remained. He was proud of that fact, but was now faced with a much more annoying tie all together. He shared blood with this weakling. They came from the same two parents, but carried the title of Prince, but they were nowhere on the same level nor were they alike in anyway.

After the initial shock of Tarble's lack of a power level, he thought that maybe the boy would at least try and do something to make himself more Saiyan like. But no. His brother wasâ€¦nice.

If someone tripped him up in the hallway, he would always apologize like the pathetic weakling that he was. It was like he had no Saiyan pride. It made him sick to his stomach.

So when the day came that his father banished the boy from their home planet, he felt completely relieved. He wouldn't have to look at that embarrassment ever again.

But as the boy was about to leave in his pod, he gave him a sad smile. "Will you come and see me, Vegeta?"

Tarble was weak. There was no place for him. He wasn't what a Saiyan should be, but why did he feel so guilty? Why did his departure make him sad? It made no sense whatsoever.

He shook his head at the boy and watched his face fall. It was then that he made a most horrific discovery. Tarble thought the world of him. The other boy refused to look back up at him as he got into the pod. Not even saying a final word.

He didn't hear sobbing, he didn't hear complaining, nor did Tarble try and run from his fate. In that instance, the second he had shaken his head, he had shattered what was left of his brother's love for him. And for reasons that were unknown to him, it burned inside of him.

But that was nothing now, they would never see each other again. That was their fate. Tarble would not be welcomed back onto Planet Vegeta after all.

This dinner party was such a stupid idea. He hated social gathering like this, mostly because he had to deal with all of the buffoons.

Suddenly, he felt a Ki from someone he hadn't seen in over 20 years. He couldn't believe that he was still alive. He was weak, there was no way that he had survived the savage world that was the galaxy. He had been so sure of that.

He watched as the rest of the room reacted to the Ki signature and almost growled to himself as everyone ran from the room to the door.

He stood slowly, making his way to the door. There he found that his senses had been correct.

He greeted the younger, expecting resentment, only to be met with a smile. What was his game? Shouldn't he be look at him with dread?

Soon, Tarble had launched into a story about him being on the run from two goons that wanted him dead. He was kind of surprised when the Namak was brought up. He had truly come here seeking him. Why? Didn't he shatter all positive feeling the younger had for him? Tarble should hate him, but looking down at the desperate look on the younger Saiyan's face, he could find no sign, not even a flicker of disgust towards him. Why was he being so friendly?

He rounded on Kakarot for interfering, this was a family matter and while he and Tarble had had their problems in the past, he wasn't going to let the younger Saiyan try and take this glory from him. Tarble had come for him, getting rid of his problem was the least that he could do.

But it didn't seem like fate was on his side. Trunks was the one that got the chance to help Tarble out, but that was fine. It was his own son that would be helping out his pathetic uncle after all.

But one thing was bothering him though. Tarble's companion, why did he even have a companion? Considering what his brother had told him, he couldn't see why he would bring some random stranger with him.

Tarble seemed quite happy to introduce him to his wife. He couldn't believe it. How the hell had his brother procured a mate for himself? And while she was strange to look at, he chose to be respectful. At least his brother was trying to live his life.

Suddenly, he felt rather jealous. Not because of his brother's wife, if anything he had won the jackpot with that, but Tarble had not grown up under Frieza. He didn't have to see the destruction of their home planet. He wasn't forced to work for Frieza. He was given an easy going life, well until he ran into these two buffoons.

After everything was said and done, he watched as Tarble and Gure headed back to their ship. Part of him wanted them to stay, but what would be the point? There was no way that they could ever really get along. They were just too different.

"Brother?" He looked down to find Tarble smiling at him. "Is it okay if we come by every once and a while?"

He gave him a nod. This time his brother looked truly happy as he got into the pod.

As he watched the pod head back into the atmosphere, he smirked to himself. Maybe all was not lost. After all, if Tarble had survived all of this time, maybe he wasn't as weak as he thought he was.

4. Tarble

Envy. Jealous. Bitterness. Resentment.

Looking at his brother, he would always find himself thinking those words. Why was he the one stuck being weak? Vegeta was the perfect son, the child that both of their parents always wanted. So why did they even bother bringing him into this world?

He often sat by himself, watching the clock, wondering how long he

each day would last of his miserable life.

No matter what he did or tried Vegeta would be better. So why even try? His brother was perfect. So much so that he often wondered why he was even born a Saiyan.

He had no ill will against anyone, for the most part. Vegeta seemed to step on whoever he pleased, but he could do that, he was strong after all.

Day after day, night after night, he wondered why he had been cursed like this. Why he was forced to sit on the sidelines and watch his brother take every glory for himself.

It wasn't fair, why should he be made to suffer like this? A Saiyan should be strong and full of pride, but had none of that. How could he be prideful if he had no pride to begin with?

Every once and a while they would run into each other in the halls of the palace, but they never spoke. What could he possibly say to his brother anyway? To him he was probably equal or less than an ant. There was no way that Vegeta would ever spend any of his time talking to him, let alone being seen with him.

So he didn't even look up his brother's face, he didn't want to be burned by his gaze. He already knew he was hated, there was no reason to even try.

"What is your problem?" Vegeta asked one day, much to his confusion.

He backed away, not responding. Keeping his eyes on the ground.

"You know you're supposed to look at me when I speak." He could hear the anger already in his brother's voice.

Complete and utter sadness seemed to take over. If only he could be a brother that the other could be proud of, but that wasn't the case. It would never be the case.

"Tarble look at me dammit!" His brother had had enough as he tried to push his face up.

He put up no resistance, allowing his brother to look at his shameful display. He couldn't help the barrage of tears that began to fall from his eyes.

Vegeta glared at him. "A Saiyan doesn't cry. You sicken me."

He cringed as he was pushed away. The words cut like a knife, but what did he expect? "I'm sorry." He looked back down at the floor, he just wanted to disappear.

Vegeta growled. "What did you say?"

He felt himself growl. "Is that not good enough? Of course it's not." He mumbled under his breath.

Vegeta forcefully pushed him against the wall, growling in his face. "You fool, what about your pride as a Saiyan?!"

"What pride? What do I have to be proud of? I'm not you!" He snapped, finally looking up at his brother, only to find the other in shock.

"You're a member of the royal family, of course you have pride." His brother said confusing him.

He shook his head. "What would be the point? My title means nothing anyway!"

Again Vegeta just stared at him, like he was trying to read him. "You think our titles are nothing."

He growled, trying to pull himself away from the other. "Not your title, my title. I don't deserve to be a prince, so let me go before you get your hands dirty. Wouldn't want to get caught touching something as filthy as me."

With that Vegeta let go of him, but for some reason he looked like he had been stung. "Is that what you really think of me? Of yourself?"

He couldn't help himself as he glared at his older brother. "Why wouldn't I?" And with that he ran off, glad to finally be away from the last person he wanted to see.

Sitting in his room, he was waiting to be punished, but nothing happened, no one came.

He rolled his eyes. Like he should expect anything different. Vegeta wouldn't care about his outburst. He was probably laughing about how pathetic he was. He cringed slightly, but tried to push that thought to the back of his mind.

A knock came rapping on the door and he rolled over and glared at it. Who the hell would be out there wanting him? He choose to ignore it.

"TARBLE OPEN THIS DOOR NOW!" He jumped as Vegeta yelled at the door.

Slowly he stood up, fearful of his brother's rage. He guessed that he should apologize for being out of line earlier.

As he cracked the door open, his brother pushed himself in, but said nothing as he glanced around the room. His room wasn't as spectacular as Vegeta's was but he wasn't complaining. It could be worse.

Vegeta sat on the side of the bed, as his eyes went wide. "Do you really sleep on this piece of junk?"

There were about a hundred different remarks that he wished to make, but he held his tongue and nodded.

His brother shifted on the bed as if particularly annoyed. "And you put up with this?" He nodded again, but it seemed that wasn't what Vegeta wanted as a response. "You can speak, you know."

He left out a huff. "It's not like they would listen anyway. Besides,

I'm used to it."

Vegeta growled. "You're a prince, they have to listen to you."

He shook his head. "No, unlike you, I just live here."

Again his brother looked at him as if he had stung him. "I'll talk to father and get this fixed."

He shook his head violently. "The last thing I want is your pity."

With that Vegeta's frown became a smirk. "So you have some pride after all."

What was that? A look of approval? That couldn't be right. "Look, what are you really here for? Because if all you want to do is make fun of me, then just live. Life already does that enough as it is."

He expected the smirk to fall from his brother's face but instead it grew. "For someone without a power level, you have a lot more bite than most."

He knew he was stepping on some toes, but all of his anger over the last 5 years of his life just started oozing out of him. "You would be bitter too if you were ignored like I am. Not that you would ever understand that."

"You hate me then?" Vegeta asked, his voice sounded as if the concept was new to him.

He growled. "Why wouldn't I hate you?! You're perfect and what am I? Just a weak little nothing that will live and die here, just as easily forgotten as trash! And you wonder if I hate you?!"

His brother's face fell as he finished up his rant. He waited for yelling, but it never came. Instead, his brother just stood from his seat and left the room. Closing the door behind him slowly.

He wondered if he had hit a nerve, not that it mattered anyway. Nothing would change and Vegeta would just ignore him from now on.

The next day, he was returning from grabbing his food from the kitchens. He was used to doing things on his own. No one needed to pay him any mind.

As he reached his room, he froze in place. All of his furniture, was being switched out. Vegeta stood in the doorway. Only giving him a small nod before turning his back and leaving.

But he found that he couldn't let him run off. "Why did you do this? Didn't I tell you that I hate you?"

His brother didn't turn back to look at him. "It doesn't matter, you're a prince. You should be living like one."

Author's Note

_Tarble happens to be one of my favorite characters in Dragonball, basically because he's such a mystery. We don't know a lot about him and he seems to be Vegeta's opposite. _

I do have headcanon concerning Tarble, but I figured that this wasn't the place for it and I'll be covering that in a much larger fic in the future. (It is in production, just not posted here yet.)

5. Gohan

I remember when you came into my life. It was soon after disaster had hit our family. Our father had passed on and I was blaming myself for not finishing off Cell sooner.

Mom was trying to hold herself together, she had already lost dad once and now that he wasn't coming back, she didn't know what to do with herself.

I stopped training, someone had to look after her and make sure that she didn't do anything stupid.

It wasn't until a month after dad's death that you were discovered. After a month of pure darkness, watching after our mother as she mourned our father's demise, her eyes lit up. She had a purpose again. I was glad, it would not be just me and her. With your birth we could move on.

Mom doted over you the entire time she was pregnant and I kind of did the same. You were basically the last thing my father had left behind, so of course we would be attached to you.

The day you were born, I remember helping mom get to the hospital. I ended up pacing in the hallway. I couldn't stay with mom as she brought you into the world, but I did hear you through the door.

Moments later, I was let into mom's room and she was already fawning over you. "Gohan, come meet your little brother." She said, rocking you slowly.

I walked up to the bed and got my first look at you. I was shocked at first. You looked identical to our father. You wrapped your hand around mom's finger and squeezed. She lets out a small whimper of pain and I realize that you have the strength of a Saiyan already.

"So Gohan, what do you think about calling him Goten?" His mother asked him.

He couldn't have come up with a more perfect name, given the baby's appearance. "It's perfect mom."

A couple of days later, you came home and I got used to helping mom as she took care of you.

I focused more on my studies, wanting to provide something better for all of us. We were still living off of my father's tournament winnings, but that money was starting to dry up.

I noticed that mom was a lot more lenient on you than she had been on me. Thinking back, it was a lot harder on her when I was younger. I was always off training or fighting some kind of enemy with our father. You got to grow up in a time of peace and that made me happy. I never got jealous of you though, you still had to grow up without our father in the picture.

The day came and I got into Satan's school. I was on my way to getting a proper job and being able to take care of everyone.

You were full of energy, always running around with your best friend and playing pranks on everyone. Even if the pranks did annoy me from time to time, I still enjoyed them. You were getting to live the life I didn't get to have and I was grateful. I had never really enjoyed being on the battlefield, especially when I was younger, so it was comforting that you got to just be a kid.

I found out about a tournament from Satan's daughter. She likes to boss me around for some reason, but I agree to enter. We needed the money.

So I employ you to help me get ready and I discover that mom has been training you. I was beyond shocked that you were a Super Saiyan. You were younger than I was and I had trained with our father for almost a year to unlock that form.

I am proud of you though. You seemed to surprise me every day.

That night the news comes. We all hear dad's voice. He was coming back. It was only for one day, but still we would be able to see him. You would be able to meet him.

The day of the tournament came and you looked nervous. I could see it all over your face.

When dad appeared, I couldn't help but tackle him. I had missed him. He seemed happy to see everyone and shocked to see how tall I was now. He kind of looked sad. He had missed out on the last 7 years of my life, but that was nothing compared to you.

I look over and I feel my father follow my gaze. I see him look down at you as you hide behind mom's leg. You looked scared and dad looked sad. Sad over what he had missed.

Suddenly, you run up to him and in seconds, you're in his arms. The two of you are spinning around and playing and I smile.

But I have to tell myself that this is just for today. That after the tournament, dad would have to go back. I wish more than anything that that is not the case.

I want him to stay, not just for me, but for you. So you can have moments like this with our father. So mom and dad can be together again. So we can be a happy family.

But he couldn't come back after today. I have to stop this way of thinking. If I don't it will just make it harder on you.

I could wish for this all day, but the Dragonballs could not do

anything for us. I should be happy that we were even getting this day. So I put on a happy smile. Besides, it's not like anything crazy could really happen today. That would be silly.

Author's Note

Just a little side note, Goten's name actually translates to my father Goku is in heaven. Which is kind of refreshing, considering that Gohan is a pun of rice and Chichi is a pun on milk. Actually Goku and Goten are the only characters that don't have pun names in the Dragonball series.

End
file.